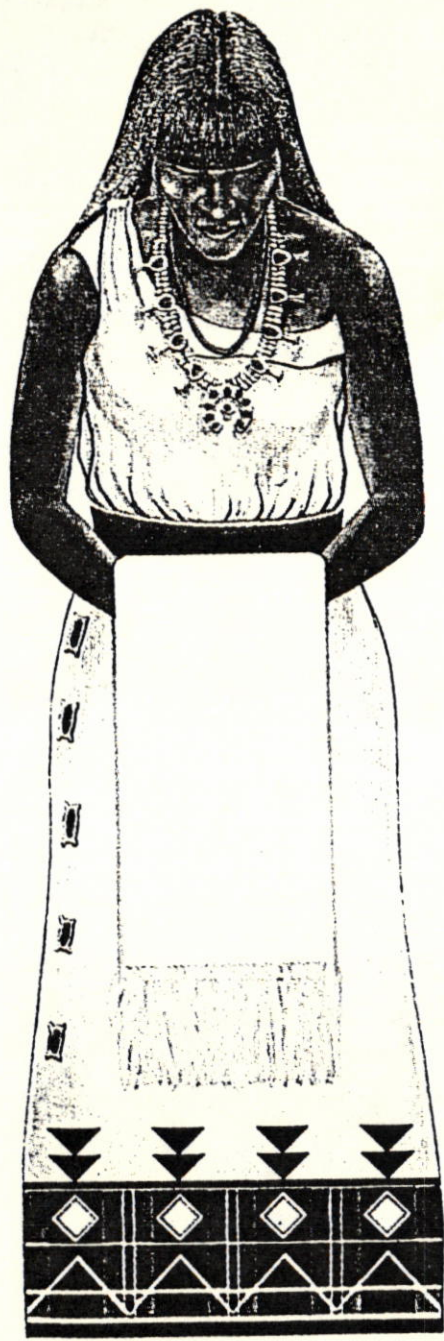




When I'm dead and gone, I want to leave something. I want my granddaughter to be sitting someday talking like I talk about my grandmother. That's the kind of legacy I want to leave. I want my great-granddaughters, great-grandsons, too, to say, "My great-grandma was a fighter. She did this and she did that to protect the land, to protect the culture, to protect the language, to maintain what we have left."

—Madonna Thunder Hawk, Lakota



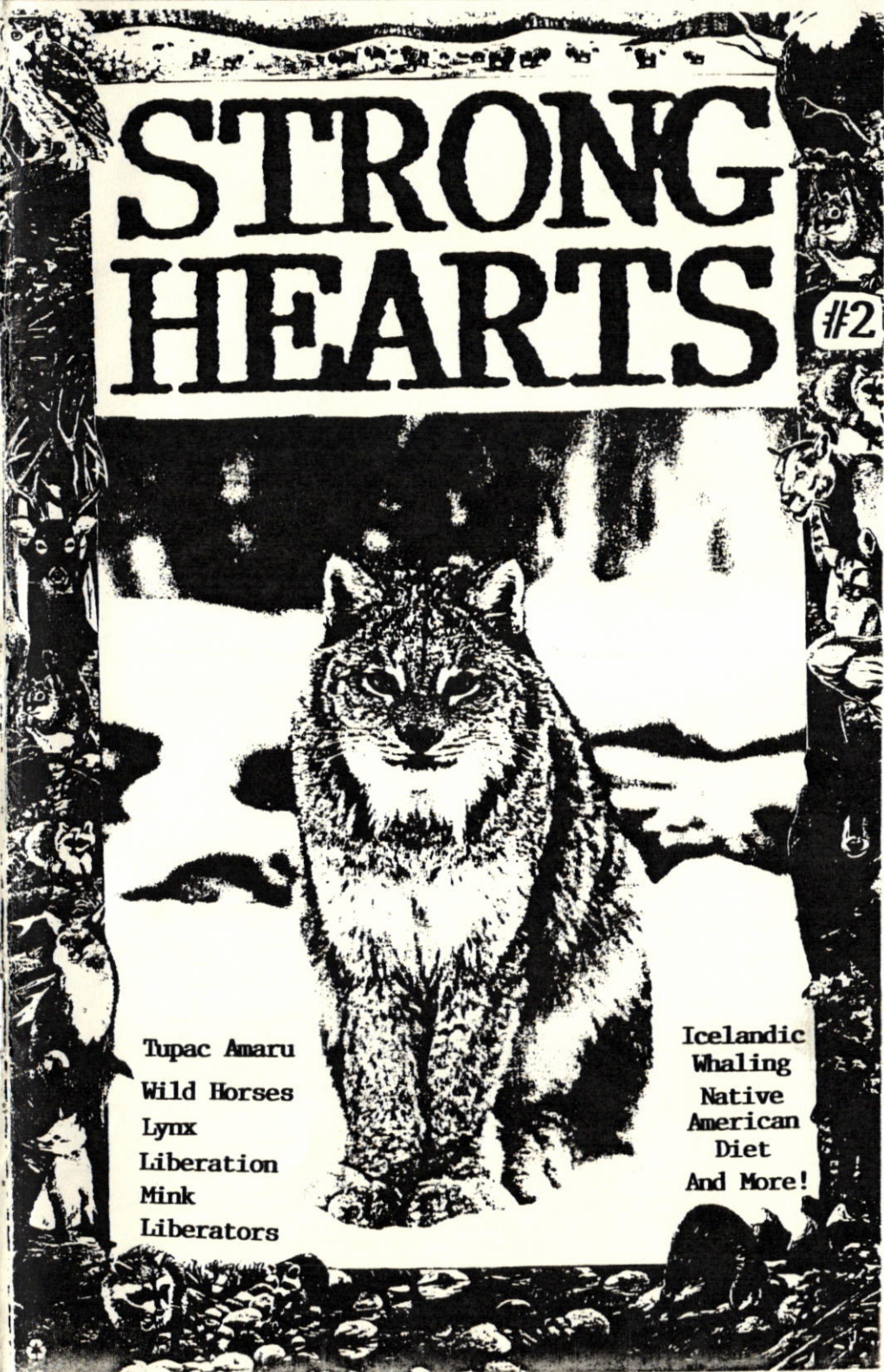
STRONG HEARTS

#2



Tupac Amaru
Wild Horses
Lynx
Liberation
Mink
Liberators

Icelandic
Whaling
Native
American
Diet
And More!





Welcome Back! This is only the second issue of Strong Hearts, so any new readers need not fear, you've only missed one issue! You'll notice that the number of pages has shrunk. This was done in a vain attempt to lower postage costs since the last issue's mailing put me back a few bucks. As a prisoner of war, I can't solicit money for anything for fear of being disciplined for running a business from prison, so just do what's in your heart to help.

To all the friends and supporters who have written me but have yet to receive a reply, I apologize. It's no reflection of my appreciation for your support, it's just a reflection of my necessity to get out of my cell more often. You should see the callous on my writing finger!! I try to write back to everyone, but this 'zine and other projects means it may be awhile before you hear from me.



A muy especial muchos gracias goes out to Cat, who has been the best support organizer a prisoner could ask for, also to Mel who has given me the support that only another prisoner can give.

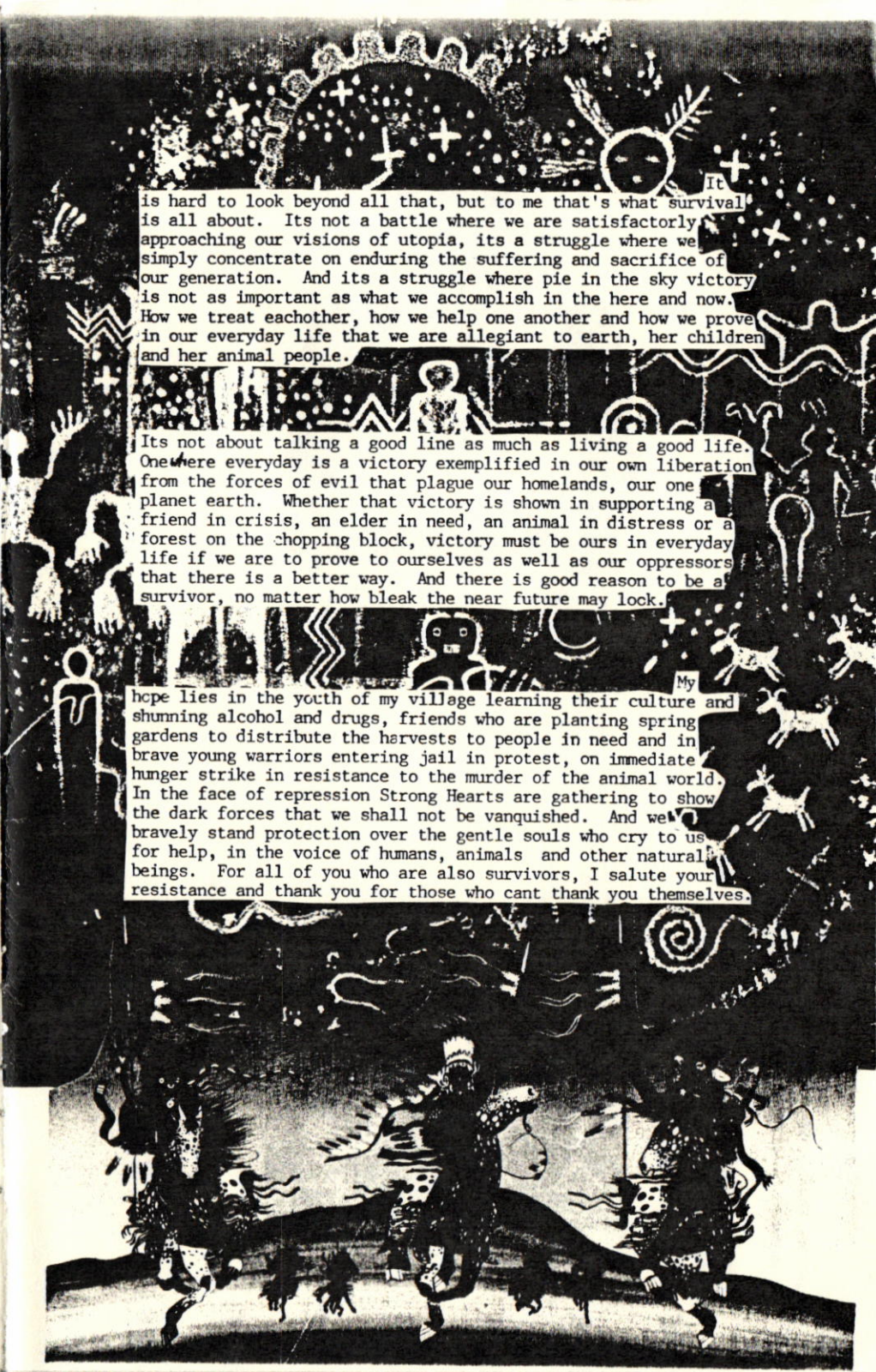
Also, each issue I will be focusing on one 'zine to review. So if you want me to review your 'zine, send it in! There's so many I want to thank for the support and encouragement I've received this last year, and only so much space.

Peg for the warrior strength you sent me while I was on bail and now in the place you were in not long ago, to Salmon Grrrl for showing me the way to Narnia, to Bear who has been there for me whenever I needed a friend, to the Freeman and Goodwin for keeping my flames of hope burning, to the Maniacs, for demonstrating what real solidarity and friendship is, to the surviving members of the Michigan Mink Militia, you know who you are and Godspeed to you, to the Parted Hairs, I miss you guys and love you alot.

Fadi, who I've rarely had the chance to thank, to my warrior relations in the Sea Shepherd Society who keep the whaler's nightmare alive, the Good Elk family who let me in from the cold, E. Frees Mink, for just being you, the Mass 4, no matter what happens, we've already won.

Troods, my indigenous teacher from across the pond, to Mindy, Ingrid, Lisa, Heather, Bruce and all my other friends at PETA who keep me up on what's going down, Jude, Andrea, Chickadee, and Katie and everyone else who's letters make me laugh and remember what time it is and most of all to my Mom and Dad who I have put through much stress and trauma, and yet whose love and support has never wavered. To all of you thanks for being there when other weren't. Enjoy this issue of Strong Hearts and always remember, Our Day Will Come!!!

K12-2



It is hard to look beyond all that, but to me that's what survival is all about. It's not a battle where we are satisfactorily approaching our visions of utopia, it's a struggle where we simply concentrate on enduring the suffering and sacrifice of our generation. And it's a struggle where pie in the sky victory is not as important as what we accomplish in the here and now. How we treat each other, how we help one another and how we prove in our everyday life that we are allegiant to earth, her children and her animal people.

It's not about talking a good line as much as living a good life. One where everyday is a victory exemplified in our own liberation from the forces of evil that plague our homelands, our one planet earth. Whether that victory is shown in supporting a friend in crisis, an elder in need, an animal in distress or a forest on the chopping block, victory must be ours in everyday life if we are to prove to ourselves as well as our oppressors that there is a better way. And there is good reason to be a survivor, no matter how bleak the near future may look.

My hope lies in the youth of my village learning their culture and shunning alcohol and drugs, friends who are planting spring gardens to distribute the harvests to people in need and in brave young warriors entering jail in protest, on immediate hunger strike in resistance to the murder of the animal world. In the face of repression Strong Hearts are gathering to show the dark forces that we shall not be vanquished. And we'll bravely stand protection over the gentle souls who cry to us for help, in the voice of humans, animals and other natural beings. For all of you who are also survivors, I salute your resistance and thank you for those who can't thank you themselves.

The sun dips behind the Baboquivari Mountains, tonite is the new moon, and another day has ended at FCI Tucson. I've spent the last few weeks having a blast putting together SH #2, I could really get into this 'zine thing. Its something I enjoy more than even the best interview I've done for the corporate media. In this issue of SH I hope you find stories that will give you a taste of the world through my eyes, and heart. A world I see from the inside looking out, be it from double fences topped with razor-wire, or from the rich memories that come back to me the longer I'm locked up.

There's no real theme here, just me exploring or pursuing chapters in my short life or issues close to my heart. Some that enrage me, and others that give me the hope to survive. Some of you may think its a dichotomy to tell tales of non-violent action to save animalkind on one page, while on another reporting on indigenous peoples armed struggle. For myself, there is no contradiction. Armed struggle against an oppressor who has killed millions of your people since their arrival on this continent is self-defense and nothing more.

What is beyond acceptance is that we in the United States of America sit passively by as our government sanctions the type of totalitarian regimes that force indigenous people into taking up arms in the first place. We allow this. With every vote for the darling senators of the arms industry, and with every dollar we contribute to multinational corporations such as the oil/industry. So until we cut the strings of America's puppet governments, let me quote Malcolm X when he said, "I am non-violent with people who are non-violent, but I will defend myself against all others." I need not wrestle with the question of ever taking up arms personally, the U.S. government has made that decision for me already. As a convicted felon I am prohibited forever from my constitutional right to bear arms.

Prison sucks, and so does the stripping of one's liberties. But prison is only one small blythe in an otherwise beautiful desert as is any oppressive government in an otherwise beautiful life. Around me lie the lightly snowcapped Santa Rita Mountains, the Rincons and Catalinas, and the Baboquivari's to the east where a jaguar was seen last summer. The real world still exists. But for now its 4pm stand up counts, controlled movements and F-14 fighter jets flying overhead back to Davis Montham Air Force Base, a constant reminder to me that my homeland is an occupied territory.

When I was on the run, I remember a dear brother-friend telling me, "I think you'll be alright, your a survivor." As we discussed what might happen when the law finally caught up with me. I looked at him wondering if this was bad, or good. Many people see no light beyond the era of darkness we seem to be approaching with the last wilderness being destroyed, animals marching solemnly towards the brink extinction, prisons as a growth industry and death by gunsh soon to be seen as a "natural" cause of youth fatalities.

The first Canadian Lynx I ever saw sadly enough was in a cage. Another native American animal whose contact with humans is on our own terms not their own. After crawling through knee-high grass with Montana's Mission Mountain Wilderness behind us, a friend and I could lift our binoculars and see the rows of cages on the Fraser Fur Ranch in Ronan. Before us lie hundreds of imprisoned bobcats and lynx and thousands of mink. Later I would learn that though the mink were some sixty generations out of the wild, the bobcats and lynx were only one to three generations out of the wild and some were actually captured in the nearby mountains. The victims of steeljaw leghold traps that had survived the trauma only to be hogtied and brought down to the fur farm from their wilderness home. Now they were destined to spend their entire lives pacing the confines of their four foot square wire cage gazing at the mountain wilderness that once was their domain.

deaths in steel-jaw leghold

Canadian Lynx have only been called Canadian since the time that they were slowly pushed out of their former range in the United States. Though isolated pockets of wild lynx populations still exist in the U.S., the largest numbers now reside in Canada. In Montana despite depleted numbers, there is still a trapping season for lynx. Further west, in the Cascade mountain chain, lynx not long ago roamed as far south as Central Oregon. Logging has since been responsible for the destruction of large undisturbed forests that the solitary lynx require for their survival. Forced into the Northern Cascades of Eastern Washington, lynx are making what might be their last stand here and in the Okonagan forests where their last habitat is once again under the blade of the chainsaw.

So it was with great sadness that my first encounter with this noble animal relation was as yet another prisoner of the war on nature that was reduced to the physical worth that humans saw in our wild relations. For the Lynx Nation, this meant intensive confinement in cages like those on Fraser Fur Ranch where they were forced to breed the offspring that would be raised until beautiful fur reached its prime at which point they would be shot in the head and have their belly fur stripped from their bodies to provide luxurious fur coats for aristocrats in far off lands.

The location of Fraser Fur Ranch had been given to us by the friendly biologist at the local Montana Game, Wildlife and Parks office in Kalispell where we inquired about fur farms where we might purchase breeding stock for our own fur farm, a cover for our investigations of fur farming. Later, we would visit the small ranch of the MOWP biologist who himself raised mink for their fur. Besides his few hundred mink, the biologist also had four bobcats and two lynx that he had acquired from Fraser Fur Ranch to attempt his own breeding enterprise.

IT IS CHIEF!



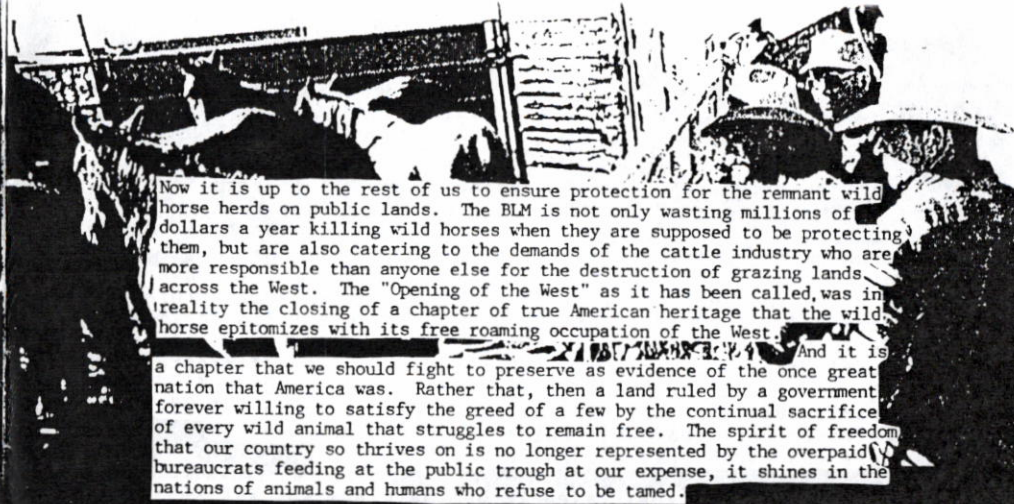
Getting back to work, we erected the pens around naturally vegetated areas where the cats could begin their rehabilitation. The lynx were housed separately, we did not want the female to become pregnant and further burden herself during her first season back in the wild. Next we introduced a natural diet. A lynx's diet consists almost exclusively of snowshoe hares whose population swings in a ten-year cycle thereby influencing the lynx populations. We did some research and discovered that 1991 was a peak year, and the lynx moved one step closer to freedom.

Soon we were feeding the lynx only live rabbits, and once they had proven their proficiency in killing their prey, we decided to start scoping out release sites. The lynx had had over two months in their large pens where they were completely isolated from all human view. Slowly we had watched their wild spirits reawaken and we knew the time had come to return these prisoners to their rightful homes. We were tempted to release the lynx in an area where lynx had been wiped out, hoping that they would breed and replenish the area. But our research revealed that two animals are too few to begin the reintroduction of a species, so our search shifted to habitat already inhabited by lynx, no matter how few. Taking a map of known lynx range, we circled the largest roadless area and drew an X on the center of the area.

Next we drove as close as we could to the area, and as we arrived at night the first thing we saw was snowshoe hares running away from our car. The road leading to the trailhead we would need to carry the lynx to had been closed by a major washout caused by the nearby river.



Also many trees had fallen over the road and when we inquired at the local U.S. Forest Service office about when the road would be cleared, we were told that budget cuts prevented them from clearing the road for at least two years. Again, the lynx made light steps closer to freedom.



Now it is up to the rest of us to ensure protection for the remnant wild horse herds on public lands. The BLM is not only wasting millions of dollars a year killing wild horses when they are supposed to be protecting them, but are also catering to the demands of the cattle industry who are more responsible than anyone else for the destruction of grazing lands across the West. The "Opening of the West" as it has been called, was in reality the closing of a chapter of true American heritage that the wild horse epitomizes with its free roaming occupation of the West.

And it is a chapter that we should fight to preserve as evidence of the once great nation that America was. Rather that, then a land ruled by a government forever willing to satisfy the greed of a few by the continual sacrifice of every wild animal that struggles to remain free. The spirit of freedom that our country so thrives on is no longer represented by the overpaid bureaucrats feeding at the public trough at our expense, it shines in the nations of animals and humans who refuse to be tamed.



In Idaho, where a herd of 200 wild horses competes with cattle for grazing lands in the Owyhee Mountains, over 900 ranchers crowded public hearings, opposed to a plan to reduce cattle grazing by one-third to allow room for both horses and cattle. On public lands across the West, cattle not wild horses are responsible for causing severe soil erosion and riparian habitat destruction. Yet cattle reign supreme over the land as is also proven by the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Animal Damage Control program which routinely slaughters any and all native wildlife that preys upon the unprotected sheep and cattle on our public lands.

Most wild horses are descendants of Spanish Mustangs that the indigenous peoples of America quickly learned to ride in battle against the Spanish and other European invaders as early as the 1500's. But like the indigenous peoples themselves, wild horses are now finding themselves forced off their homelands and slaughtered. Even during the high conflict of the late 1800's between indigenous peoples and the U.S. Government, wild horses were targeted for eradication. General George Armstrong Custer was well known for the slaughter of a tribal band's horses once they had been defeated as he knew wild horses were a vehicle for native sovereignty.

In the Nez Perce Country of what is now Washington State, the day is still remembered when hundreds of Nez Perce ponies were slaughtered by military forces intent on forcing the Nez Perce onto reservations. But the wild horses, and the indigenous peoples survive. On the Blackfeet Indian Reservation in Montana tribal members have established an organization called the Blackfeet Buffalo Horse Coalition which has begun to replenish the tribe's lost horse herds with Spanish Mustangs purchased from horse breeders. And as the horses return, so does the peoples interest in their horse culture of the past which is fueling young tribal members interest in their lands and culture.

When I was on the run, I lived for a time in the Dakotas where a friend of mine maintained a herd of wild horses that were direct descendants of the horses that Sitting Bull, the Hunkpapa Lakota leader, rode in battle against Custer. Some days I would walk the prairie only to be surprised by the sound of thundering hooves as over 100 wild horses came bolting across the range. Snorting and stamping their hooves, the horses would stare at me incredulously, wondering who this trespasser was on their lands. Their wildness and untamed spirit emanated from them like an electric light, these were the animals who belonged on the range, not the soil destroying and water polluting beef-machines we've bred cows to be.

But the battles over the wild west are far from over. On one side we have domestic livestock interests with their powerful political lobby who would tame the land with the same fervor that their ancestors exercised against the indigenous human populations, and on the other side lies the still beating heart of Wild America whose soldiers remain the wild ones, the horses, wolves, bison, cougars and jaguars that are struggling to maintain their grasp on America's last undeveloped natural places which remain our only formula for survival should we ever realize that one must live with the earth rather than against her.



horse meat for shipment to Europe.

Returning to the sanctuary with the good news, we next enlisted the help of a Blackfoot Medicine Woman from the area where the lynx had descended from. Administering a blessing to the animals, we watched in amazement as she freely moved amongst the lynx in their pens smudging them with sweetgrass and sage. The animals seemed to be intrigued by the woman, watching attentively her every movement. The Medicine Woman instructed us on how we should smudge each animal again before their release and this having been done, each animal would find its path back to the wilderness world.

By this time I had known these lynx personally for over ten months. Slowly I had begun to see in them the spirit that at times I felt could see right through me to my innermost hidden feelings and fears. I was humbled in their presence. In their cages on the fur farm in Montana they appeared to be fallen angels captured by the cruel callousness of Man. Now they appeared to be returning to their power. Their regalness returned and it became frightfully easy to understand why they were

believed to be supernatural. They are. In the Spring snowmelt of 1991 we began to map out our release strategy. Reintroducing captive-bred native wildlife was illegal. Any liberation would have to be conducted covertly or else the lynx might fall into the bloody hands of the wildlife agencies that sanction the killing for sport and profit of the lynx's wild brethren.

The night arrived when four chosen liberators were gathered together at the sanctuary for the long journey to freedom. Already the lynx's feeding had been supplemented with roadkilled rabbits in preparation for their release. A livetrapp was borrowed from the local humane society to transfer the lynx from their pens to two separate boxes outfitted with handles to facilitate carrying by two people. The boxes were completely covered with a sliding door on one end.

Once in the boxes, the lynx were loaded into the back of a truck, and a guide car led our procession away from the sanctuary to the ferry terminal where we would cross to Kingston, and then onto the mountains. When we arrived at the ferry terminal we discovered we had missed the last ferry and were forced to drive south to a ferry terminal that would place us right in downtown Seattle. Without any reasonable alternative, we boarded the ferry and had a meeting to discuss our escape from Seattle with two live lynx.

Then it dawned on us. Amongst our campgear were the empty boxes with their lynx scent and the bags we had used to carry the lynx's feces, it was a scent siren to every wild lynx in the area. We had been visited by a native lynx who recognized the smell of one of his own.

We were indeed only visitors to this enchanted world where the Lynx Nation reigned supreme and it felt good to feel fear towards an animal who had visited us on its own terms not our own. We returned to our own world, to the cities and freeways, the world where the only lynx were hanging from coat racks in posh department stores and fur boutiques.

And back in Ronan, Montana the lynx still pace their cages, staring at the wilderness they once called home. They remain prisoners of a war that began when the first European set foot in their world spreading jaws of steel that would begin to bite away at their peaceful nation. And it is a war that continues today on any one of hundreds of fur farms and trappings near you. What remains to be seen is whether other children of earth will break from the ranks and join us in trying to hold open the door to the world that is quickly disappearing leaving us alone in a world where only Man and his machines reign supreme.

I am convinced that many of my premature grey hairs were earned that night. An hour later we reached Reykjavik Harbor where three ships lie bobbing in the water, the fourth in drydock. Resting, David and I ate some quick energy food and stashed our confiscated record books from the whaling station in the backseat. Taking a deep breath, we opened our car doors and stepped back into the pounding rainstorm that made our ski-masks and raingear a necessity not just a disguise. With hands in our pockets like two cold fishermen, we walked down the dead-end dock towards Hvalur 5, 6 and 7. The tides in the harbor were such as so we were level with the ships decks so to board all we had to do was hop the few feet from the dock to the steel plated decks. Moving quickly to Hvalur 5, David pulled out our boltcutters and cut the hasp on the lock that shut the engine room hatch. Moving into the fully lit engine rooms, David searched the ship for any sleeping watchman while I moved into the engine room and began lifting deck plates looking for the saltwater cooling valve that regulated sea water that cooled the ships engines at sea. By the time I found it, David had returned to announce that the ship was indeed empty.

We began to wrestle off the sixteen or more nuts that held the valve cover in place and when most were removed water began to shoot out from the bolt holes. I tasted it, and it was salty. When the cover was fully removed, the ocean water would flood first the engine room and then the rest of the ships compartments dragging it to a water grave in Reykjavik's deep harbor. Leaving the cover as it was, partially removed we moved to Hvalur 6 where repeating the process we quickly located and began to remove that ships salt water cooling valve.

Finally with all the nuts and bolts removed, we took a prybar to the valve and with a little persuasion the valve popped free releasing a flood of seawater that drenched both David and I. Quickly returning to Hvalur 5, we removed the last of that ships valve cover bolts, and again the ocean began to rush in. Now it was time to execute our escape. The whaling station had been demolished, and two 175 foot whaling ships were sinking. The time was just before 5am and the airport was almost an hour away. Walking away from the two sinking ships we tossed our tools into the icy waters and pulled our ski-masks off just as we reached the car. Hopping into the driver seat I started the car and pulled onto the road and not two minutes later was pulled over by a Reykjavik Police Car.

My first thought was, "No, they cant be that good, they cant have been watching us all this time..." Still, there we were two ships quickly sinking, minutes ticking away before our flight to freedom would lift off maybe leaving us for the next eleven years to fine tune our masonry skills at the local prison, and a police officer walking to my window with David and I soaked in water with grease from engines all over our clothes. The officer asked me to get into his car. Looking at David who sat with eyes forward, I got out of the car and got into the backseat of the police cruiser. The officers ignored me and spoke to eachother in Icelandic before finally turning around and asking me in plain english, "Have you drinken any alcohol tonite?" Almost laughing I said, "No, I do not even drink!" which was a lie, and he then asked if he could smell my breath. It was tempting to utter a joke but hot coffee on an IcelandAir jet was calling, so I breathed on him, and he wished me a safe trip to the airport, knowing that is where we were headed because of the early morning departure.

That police officer is probably still cursing himself after having the nations only saboteur since the Second World War in his police car and then letting him go. Returning to the car, David told me he had almost bolted but thought it best he wait another moment for some signal from me. The zoo liberation was now out of the question as we sped towards the airport to catch our 6am flight. Pulling into the airport we grabbed our daypacks, quickly changed our clothes, dumping the grease covered ones in the airport bathroom garbage can. We next went through Icelandic Customs without any incident and checked in, and grabbed our boarding passes. The polite ticket agent told us the flight was delayed due to the harsh weather. The words were the worst we wanted to hear, and David and I spent the next 30 minutes staring at the clock imagining the chaos erupting at the Reykjavik harbor just about now. Finally, our flight was called, and we quickly boarded still not feeling safe until we landed in Luxembourg.

We drove to the airport on the morning of the 7th to pre-check our luggage for the 6am flight out of the country the following morning. It was to Luxemburg, but we did not care where it went as long as it was not Scandanavia. Next we drove to Iceland's only vegetarian restaurant for what might be our last supper. We had been saving our money for this last luxury but found the restaurant closed. Not to be dissappointed, we bought food from a supermarket and drove to a clearing above the whaling station to eat our meal and await the early winter darkness. While eating we listened to the car radio and after our meal discovered we had drained the battery dead. Here our mission might have ended had not a vanload of Icelandic youth, probably who were employed by the whaling station, came to our rescue. They towed our car until we could jump start it, and then we waved goodbye and drove to our prearranged hiding place for the car as night was fast approaching.

A rainstorm began to fall adding a brilliant cover as David and I pulled on our dark raingear, gloves, ski-masks and strapped on fanny-packs with flashlights and tools. I then placed the car keys on the top of the rear tire and we began the long walk to the whaling station in complete darkness, bending into the wind and increasing rain. As we approached the whaling station, we were suprised by the sight and sound of a front-end excavator that was digging a trench at the station. We dropped to the ground and spent the next hour lying in the freezing rain until the workman and his machine headed off to the local town. As the lights of the machine dissappeared, we leaped into action.

After this task, we found the computer control room that kept the entire stations machinery fully automated. We smashed the computer panels until sparks flew and LEDs flashed and the beautiful music of machines dying all around us could be heard. There was no time to waste, so we moved next to the ships store where spare parts for the four whaling ships were kept. Taking the most expensive pieces, we walked to the edge of the docks and tossed them into the waters. Finally we reached the offices where record books detailing the illegal catches were confiscated and cyanic acid was poured throughout the building. Windows were smashed and anything that looked expensive met the business end of our wrenches and boltcutters.

Our first task was the sabotage of the six huge diesel generators that provided power for the station. David and I were both experienced diesel engineers and we knew what was good for an engine, and what was bad. Before long we were stripping off our outer clothing and sweating profusely in our handiwork. Next we moved onto the centrifuges that processed whale blubber into a high grade lubricating oil that was used in missiles. Smashing the delicate gear, we next located what we could not find at the meatpacking plant. The Whalemeat Mountain. Housed in huge refrigeration units beneath the station, David had attempted to move the many crates of whale meat near the slipway where whales were dragged up for processing, but the forklift he drove ran out of propane gas. We were forced to wedge open the refrigeration units and then sabotage the refrigeration units themselves so that hopefully the meat would thaw and spoil.

Watching World News a few days later we would hear the Foreman of the station recounting with shock how it appeared that the whole whaling station had been the target of an air raid. We could have spent all night sabotaging the station, but the ships were waiting so David and I signaled a retreat and returned tired and sweating to our car. Once there I experienced a frantic moment as I reached for the keys on the tire and found them not there. The high winds had been so strong as to blow them some feet away where I found them with my flashlight. Now covered in grease and drenched in sweat we drove back to Reykjavik. The weather made the roads treacherous and often the car would start to slide when it hit ice.

mink

4 arrested

On November 28, 1996 four members of the Coalition To Abolish the Fur Trade (CAFT) were arrested near Berkshire Fur Farm in Hinsdale, Massachusetts and charged with releasing mink from their cages. The four are now out on bail awaiting trial and need our help and support. Jaime Roth, Alex Smolak, Grant and Warren Upson are all being targeted for their outspoken work in defense of animals killed for the fur trade in a state that has seen recent raids by the Animal Liberation Front (ALF).

In August 1996, the ALF released over 1,000 mink from Berkshire Furs, and returned again in October to release another 100. The ALF has been active recently in the Northeast, striking fur farms in New Hampshire, New York and Connecticut. Ever since the earliest recorded colonial settlement of the Northeast have mink and other furbearers been exploited by the fur trade. Now as a result of these non-violent actions, at least one fur farm is reportedly going out of business.

Mink are native to the Northeast. Historic records report that they were being trapped for their fur for European export as early as 1621. Wild mink populations have steadily been depleted by commercial trapping and environmental pollution of their waterway habitat. Many of the ALF's liberated mink from the Northeast are now living a life of freedom fulfilling an integral part in the aquatic environment their ancestors were stolen from 70 years ago when captive-breeding of mink for their fur began. Mink released from fur farms in Canada, Europe and Scandanavia have successfully survived in the wild, yet North America is the native homeland of all mink on fur farms.

The Fur Commission of the USA is playing an active role in contributing background information on the CAFT activists and is pressuring the District Attorney to make an example of these young non-violent animal liberationists. The four activists who have pled not guilty refuse to condemn the actions of the ALF which their Boston chapter of CAFT has repeatedly defended. Partially because of this the Fur Commission is eager to make an example of anyone who poses a legitimate threat to their barbaric trade in native wildlife or speaks out for those who do. A \$100,000 reward currently exists for the capture and conviction of ALF warriors who are responsible for more than 24 raids on fur farms across North America that have rescued and released thousands of mink from a certain death.

Jaime, Alex, Grant and Warren are up against not only a crooked legal system that protects those who abuse animals rather than those trying to prevent it, but also a billion dollar industry that sustains itself on the death and destruction of native wildlife by the millions. Most of whom are slaughtered for luxury garments for export to Asia, the former Soviet Union and other European countries as has been the history of commercial wildlife exploitation in North America for hundreds of years.

These four brave committed young warriors only crime is that they refused to remain silent as American wildlife and the environment is destroyed in order to make a quick buck, all at the expense of future generations of all life. Rather than be punished by the law, these four should be commended for taking social and ecological responsibility to cease the war on wildlife that the fur industry has waged on this continent for over 400 years.

It is vital as a sincere resistance movement, that all people either animal rights activists, environmentalist indigenous sovereigntist or their supporters stand behind these targeted individuals who are challenged by the fur trade and the society which sanctions their bloody activities. The fur trade is one of Europe's most ecologically and culturally destructive imports to North America. It is responsible for the introduction of alcoholism, prostitution, disease and greater inter-tribal violence than previously existed. The fur trade also continues to eradicate and commercially exploit native species of furbearing animal nations and demonstrate cruel and callous disrespectful treatment of their prisoners and survivors on fur farms and traplines today.

Please donate a few bucks to Jaime, Alex, Grant and Warren's legal defense. Fighting any legal indictment is costly and time consuming and it is important that these friends know that they are not alone in their battle. If you cannot spare any financial assistance at this time, please drop them a letter or card just to let them know you are one of the many who believe mink and foxes belong in the wild and not on one of North America's 800 fur farms.

Letters of support

CAFT Boston

PO Box 381855

Cambridge, MA 02238, USA

Donations for legal and court costs

CAFT

PO Box 822411

Dallas, TX 75382, USA

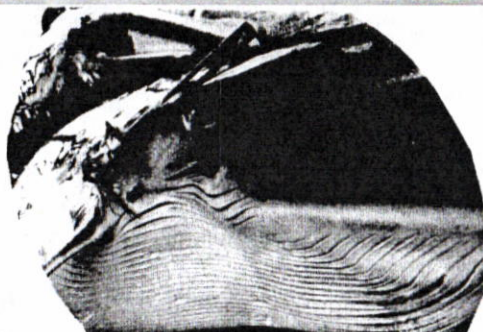
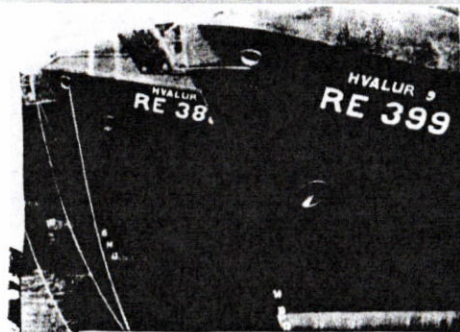
Please mark it for the "Mass. 4"

David and I had to keep up our image of adventurers and travelers so we socialized with Swedish, German and Irish tourists. We would frequent the cafe overlooking the harbor where while socializing and drinking coffee we could keep an eye on the whaling ships. Then one day at work there was an immigration sweep and my boss was forced to fire me. But what really worried me was the background check they might run on me. Based on my actions and arrest in the Faroes I had been issued an expulsion order from all Scandinavia including Iceland, and I had violated that order by not only returning to the Faroes but also by fighting off the police as they tried to board our vessel. If the Icelandic authorities discovered I was wanted in the Faroes, not only would our mission be revealed by the tools and photos in our belongings, but also I might be extradited to the Faroes.

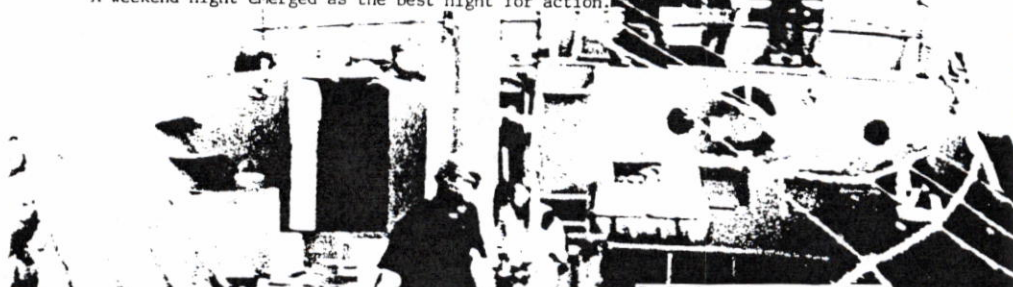
My boss was apologetic and even advanced me some money from his own wallet. Meanwhile David and I decided that we must either abort our mission and flee the country immediately, or stay and try to carry out the action. We chose the latter. We had been in Iceland for almost a month now, and felt familiar with the habits of the watchmen aboard the whaling ships as well as confident we could also strike the whaling station. We also had visited a small zoo outside of Reykjavik which housed a few native animals including one Orca whale that had been captured recently and was to be sold to an aquarium. David and I looked at each other trying to figure how the hell we could get that whale out of its tank and into the ocean just a hundred yards away, but here we were forced to realize the bounds of our limitations. Still, it was decided that should time allow, after striking the whaling station and the whaling ships, we would hit the zoo and release as many native animals as possible.

Iceland in November was not a country, that expected nor even remembered the threats of a militant anti-whaling organization. Just as I had expected in that Summer visit of 1985, without our visible presence, only one watchman was aboard all four ships. It was the off-season and the crews were ashore with work on the ships restricted to daylight hours. The week of our planned attack, the whaling ships were taken into drydock. One by one, they were pulled out of the water for repairs and cleaning which is a major operation. David and I had planned on attempting to sink all three ships minus the one that housed the watchman. Now we were forced to sacrifice our third target. Our money was running low, and the fear of my discover still haunted us. Maybe we were already under surveillance ourselves, and the police were waiting for us to act before they could legitimately arrest us?

Already David and I had read up on the Icelandic penal system and learned that the longest sentence given to any crime was eleven years. We also learned that Icelandic prisoners were employed making cement sidewalk blocks. From that day on the jokes never stopped of how good we might become at building Icelandic sidewalks. Finally surrendering our fate to the whale spirits, we decided to act. We chose the night of November 7th for our attack of vengeance. We said goodbye to our European friends and told them David and I were going to rent a car for our last day to do a little sightseeing.



Needless to say, we were a little intimidated. The reality of what was so simple to discuss in England, but what was staring us in the face in the freezing Fall weather of a Reykjavik night was more than a little daunting. But we knew it would not be easy, so we began a series of latenight observations of the harbor. Within two weeks of surveillance a definite routine began to emerge. Every Friday night, a watchman would relieve the day watch carrying with him two bottles of Brenivin, a strong Icelandic vodka. No activity could be seen on three of the ships, the watchman staying on the fourth ship, the one furthest from the dock. A weekend night emerged as the best night for action.



In Reykjavik we saw photos from the whaling station which was 45 miles from town. Tours were offered for the station, so David and I hitch hiked to the desolate station and dropped off near the entrance. As we approached, not a soul was visible. The whaling season was over, and with it the demand for tours. David and I began to walk throughout the premises in broad daylight, gazing through windows at offices, machinery and workshops and it quickly became evident to both of us that we might be able to strike the whaling station also. We knew we would have only one shot at the Icelandic whaling industry, and any risk to ourselves did not matter, already we felt the chances were high we would not get off the island once our sabotage was discovered.



Next our intelligence gathering revealed that Iceland was only allowed to export 49% of the whale meat to Japan, the majority would have to be for local consumption. Yet the supermarkets offered very little. Whale meat was no longer a staple of the Icelandic diet. We began the search for the Whalemeat Mountain as the newspapers called it, and this meant me taking a job as a meat packer in the packing plant that packaged the whale meat. The job was easy to get as there is virtually no unemployment in Iceland, and unattractive jobs like meatpacking being given to foreigners.



On December 17th, 1996 the Tupac Amaru Revolutionary Movement (MRTA) stormed the Lima, Peru residence of the Japanese Ambassador during a diplomatic cocktail party celebrating the birth of Japan's Emperor taking almost 500 of Peru's most political elite hostage. The 23 guerrillas crashed the party by blowing through a wall in the Japanese compound and gained entry without invitation. MRTA forces engaged security and police in a gun battle that included grenade attacks that killed no one and injured only one rebel. MRTA guerrillas were quick to shepherd the frightened party-goers into the ambassadors residence while their compañeros planted booby-traps and mined the grounds of the compound. Armed with grenades, automatic weapons, anti-tank guns, plastic explosives and a rocket launcher, MRTA then issued a statement to the international media and Peru's government demanding economic reform for the nation's majority poor living in poverty, the recognition of MRTA as a non-violent opposition political party, and the release of over 400 MRTA prisoners of war.

The leader of the lightning strike raid is Nestor Cerpa who has taken the name of Hemijilio Huerta in honor of a close friend who was a textile union member murdered by police during a 1974 labor strike against the textile mill where he and Cerpa organized. Cerpa is a former union leader who was jailed in 1979 for leading a worker occupation of another textile plant which was being shutdown. Cerpa's wife is one of the MRTA members who is in prison and whose freedom is demanded before the last hostages can be released.

inars: Hostage Tudela and rebel leader Cerpa (left) meet the press

Inside the Japanese compound, Cerpa engaged in political conversation and debate with hostages and was careful to explain to all why MRTA's action was necessary. "We are fighting for social justice, we have been forced into this by a government that does not respond..." Within days of the takeover, MRTA released hundreds of hostages, many of whom shook hands with their captors and wished them good luck in their struggle to gain greater democracy, social justice and freedom.

Of the 72 hostages that remain, 5 are supreme court judges, 8 military generals, 5 congressmen, ministers, legislators, leaders of the armed forces and police, representatives of Japanese multinational corporations and President Fujimori's brother. Among these hostages are the very people responsible for Peru's extreme poverty and flagrant record of human rights abuses such as General Maximo Riveria Diaz, the head of Peru's anti-terrorism police and General Guillermo Bobbio Zevallos, the head of State Security Police. A Guatemalan ambassador held hostage was released by MRTA in recognition of a recent peace accord with guerrillas in Guatemala. A Uruguayan ambassador was also released following Uruguay's release of 2 MRTA prisoners awaiting extradition to Peru.

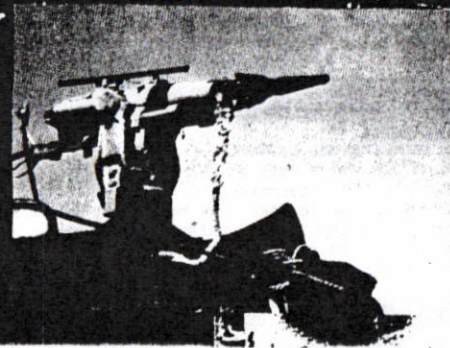
A Peruvian economist who was released described his captors as anything but terrorists, "They're guys that are nice, actually. They don't shout, they ask you 'please'. There's a connection there between some of the hostages and kidnapers." Promising to adhere to international conventions regarding hostages, MRTA guerrillas refused to fire on two hostages who escaped in the early hours following the occupation. Beneath Nestor Cerpa are two deputies named Arabo and Palestino who are in their mid-30's with a gift of joke-telling. "These guys went on and on as if we were old friends from school," said a congressman held hostage. "They were dying to tell their war stories to anybody." The rest of MRTA's 21 warriors in the compound seem to be no older than 20 and who joined after witnessing the death and imprisonment of family members accused of being terrorists or watching their villages being destroyed for allegedly sympathizing with MRTA. Two of the rebels are young indigenous women from the jungle regions who were known to wave away hostages watching TV with their Kalashnikov assault rifles so they could watch the Mexican soap opera, "Maria from the Barrio" when not on guard duty. For the first time in their lives giving orders to the ruling elite who have caused centuries of suffering upon their people.

But behind the almost casual relationship between the hostages and their captors there lies a history of intense human rights abuses and a deadly counter-insurgency program that has forced Peruvians such as MRTA to take up arms in their quest for liberty and justice. Within a month of the occupation, MRTA invited foreign journalist into the compound to hear their grievances against Fujimori's government. The military refused to allow entry, so about 20 Peruvian and foreign journalists defied the police and swarmed into the compound. The MRTA guerrillas welcomed the unexpected guests and showed them the hostages who had not been harmed and appeared in good spirits and physical condition.

We were not Green Berets or Navy Seals, yet Paul never once told us he doubted our success. He just asked us what we needed, and by not questioning our abilities gave us the vote of self-confidence we needed to believe we could be successful. In late July David and I signed off the crew of Sea Shepherd telling others we were off on a tour of Europe. No suspicion was raised except by Nick Taylor, our British Posun who had fought the police alongside me and shared a Faroese jail cell with me too. Nick could not believe we were off to do something so frivolous and we could tell was deeply disappointed in us. Later before our departure to Reykjavik, we would return to the Sea Shepherd and confess to Nick of our real intentions as we knew it had hurt him that we were leaving him alone to care for the Sea Shepherd through the long English winter. Nick was pleased, and the last words he ever spoke to me were, "it must be great doing something you really believe in..." a few months later Nick committed suicide as he slowly began to slip back into a life of drug abuse.

David and I spent the whole Summer of 1986 working to raise the money for our mission. I waited tables in a nightclub in London's Chelsea district during the nights, and refinished antiques on Kings Road during the day. David went to southern England where he picked hops. Every few weeks we would meet to discuss our plans and go over intelligence we had gathered on Iceland. When our work was complete, we would make a batch of paint-filled lightbulbs and ride out on our bikes to redecorate London fur shops. Finally the day arrived when we rode the London Underground subway to Heathrow Airport to catch our IcelandAir flight to Reykjavik. As we rode to the airport, I removed a patch from my jacket that read "Save the Whales, Save the Earth" with a picture of a fin whale. All we carried with us was our cameras, clothes and raingear, underwater flashlights, knives and a couple maps. All the tools necessary for any action would be acquired in Iceland.

When we arrived in October only the hardcore tourists were still around. We got beds in the local youth hostel and one of our first tasks was to buy a pair of boltcutters and a large adjustable wrench from a local hardware store. We wanted as much time as possible between the purchase of our tools and the action in case anyone might remember the purchase. On one of the first nights in the capital city of Reykjavik, we snuck out of the hostel late at night and snuck to a scrapyard from where we could view the four Icelandic 175 foot ships that comprised the nation's entire whaling fleet. Hvalur (whaleship) 5, 6, 7 and 8 bobbed in the harbor tied alongside each other like four Riders of the Apocalypse waiting to unleash their evil on the natural world. The ships superstructures were painted white with the bridge windows and portholes dark and imposing resembling the eyesockets of a skull.





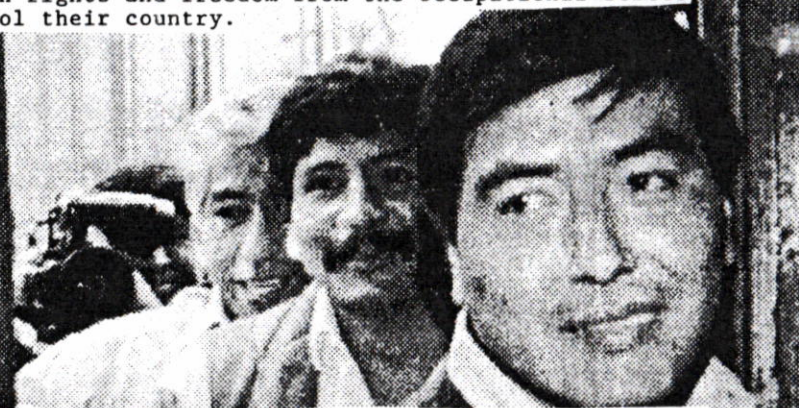
Later Sea Shepherd would be the first and only non-governmental observer to be banned from the IWC for having done just that. That summer we returned to the Faroe Islands to successfully interfere with the pilot whale slaughter again. I got beat up, arrested and jailed by the police for the first time, and after my release rejoined the Sea Shepherd where we returned to have a running battle with the Faroese Patrol Vessel, the *Olivar Hagli*.

It was awesome they were trying to board our vessel at sea shooting tear gas bullets at us and lobbing tear gas canisters onboard, but we threw every one back at them and I got to shoot flares and a firehose at the same Faroese cop who had beaten and arrested me. Very empowering stuff, but that's another story. Anyhow, in that battle, one brave crew member shined bright, and that was the young Cornish engineer David Howitt who kept the Sea Shepherd rolling by pushing our engines to the max despite the engine room being 120 degrees and full of tear gas. Had we lost speed or stopped we not only would have lost the ship, but probably gotten our asses kicked big time by the Faroese and gone to jail for a very long time.

But we didn't, and sailed for Bristol, England. Now that our summer campaign was over, my thoughts shifted back to Iceland's whaling industry. News reports stated that Icelandic whalers had filled a self-imposed quota of 80 sei whales, and 40 fin both endangered species. I approached David who by now was a good friend, and late one night after our watches we sat on piles of ship's lines in the rope locker and shared a smoke. Finally I told him my idea of trying to infiltrate Iceland with the sole purpose of causing maximum economic sabotage to their whaling industry. David agreed that it seemed an appropriate action against a whaling nation that was flagrantly violating the IWC ban on whaling. It was decided.

We would take action on behalf of the last great Whale Nations. Next, I approached Paul and told him of our plan. As we gently sailed the warm summer sea, we quietly talked of the plan as if we were discussing something as simple as the tides and currents, not something that if there was failure could land David and I in prison for years. Paul gave us his blessing, and with that our mission became reality. Looking back on that day, it is easy to understand why I have such great respect and admiration for Paul Watson. Here I was a 20 year-old kid telling him how myself and a 23 year-old British hunt saboteur planned to carry out a major covert operation against an island nation that had already been threatened with the very same action.

utc 1. MRTA then began its account of the sad state of affairs for anyone opposing Fujimori's authoritarian regime, repeating that, "We are not terrorists". In the last ten years Fujimori has embraced economic policies designed by the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank such as privatization of national industries, opening the economy to multinational corporate investment and increasing exports and exploitation of Peru's natural resources. Much of this has caused Peru's 80% unemployment rate and forced over 50% of the population to live (and die) in poverty. After years of appealing to international organizations and human rights groups to no avail, MRTA has catapulted the issue of Peru's human rights abuses to the forefront of the international media where it has gained the attention of governments worldwide. Not bad for a group of young impoverished indigenous men and women who rose above their oppression to demand basic human rights and freedom from the occupational forces that control their country. in.



In 1992 President Fujimori staged a "self-coup" complete with military troops who dissolved congress and the judicial system and radically altered the constitution. Imposing a "state of emergency" Fujimori imposed harsh "anti-terrorism" laws to fight the guerrilla movements thwarting foreign investment and government control of the peasantry. 54% of Peru's population are indigenous, 34% of mixed Spanish and indigenous ancestry yet Peru's minority white and Japanese upper class comprise the ruling elite. Fujimori's increased military powers have led to a record of human rights abuses that surpass any blamed on Peru's guerrillas.

Counter-insurgency campaigns have systematically targeted anyone critical of the government, be they union organizers, peasants, journalist, political opponents or human rights workers. As of 1995, Amnesty International had documented thousands of cases of "disappearances", unfair trials, hundreds of cases of imprisoned political activists, massacres by the Peruvian military, torture and extra-judicial executions by both the military and police. In one counter-insurgency operation in 1994, at least 30 peasants were executed by the Peruvian Army. Citizens suspected of terrorism are routinely blindfolded, beaten, hung from ceilings, electrocuted, nearly drowned and raped. One pregnant woman it is reported was so terrified by the threat of police interrogations that she spontaneously aborted from fear.

military and police with training provided by the CIA's Special Operations Division and the Green Berets on loan from the U.S. Army. These U.S. backed, trained and equipped forces have employed burning villages that supported guerrillas, napalming the jungle regions, saturation bombing and throwing prisoners out of helicopters. All this to silence Peru's largely indigenous population who have a long heritage of resistance to authoritarian regimes built by the ruling class. Under the guise of the "War on Drugs" Peru like Mexico is given the tools necessary for the Fujimori government to maintain its counter-insurgency war against poverty-stricken citizens who only want a people's democracy as MRTA proposes where everyone is involved with their workplace and community and is free to decide their own destiny.

MRTA

Meanwhile back at the Japanese ambassador's palace, Fujimori has offered the MRTA rebels free passage out of Peru possibly to Cuba or the Dominican Republic. Nestor Cerpa has adamantly refused stating that had he wanted out of the country MRTA would have simply left. MRTA has vowed resistance until the end unless their brothers and sisters are freed from the hell-holes Peru's prisons are. Negotiations towards a peaceful settlement have been cut off after Nestor Cerpa accused the military of attempting to dig a tunnel under the abassador's residence to execute an attack from above and below ground.

Once again we stand witness to a U.S. allied country that commits such horrendous human rights violations that a certain death or life of misery in prison is a risk worth taking for the warriors of MRTA. If Peru happened to be Iraq the U.S. media would be tripping over themselves to expose the atrocities that a fascist dictator committed against its people. U.S. military intervention would be sanctioned, and U.N. forces would also be dispatched to instill democracy. But instead we have a country that does not recieve condemnation by the United States but commendation for its building of a bridge to the 21st century. Hiding behind the shield of fighting "terrorism" any government is free to violate every human and civil right of its citizens.

RET PERUVIAN MI
to life in prison
to see what he
, his frustration
Our first stop wa
disappointing. W
nel Castillo, I th
he told us—the
up in the Andes, an

Not only did we domesticate most of the food plants the western world eats today, but we also developed horticultural methods that created food surpluses that allowed peaceful trade with many other nations of indigenous peoples. Such facts speak of the truth and are proof that North America was a highly populated civilization that was inhabited by tens of millions more people than is commonly taught or believed. Once the truth is known, the extent of European inflicted genocide becomes staggering to compare.

For indigenous people in the Southwest, hunting was a supplementary activity, overshadowed by horticultural practices which provided the basis of our food supply. For thousands of years indigenous peoples grew corn, beans and squash, which are called in some cultures, the "Three Sisters" because they were commonly grown together. It is believed that as many as 500 different varieties of corn were grown in the Americas previous to European conquest. Here in the Southwest, and in many other indigenous cultures, animals were not domesticated for food production, so no dairy products existed.

Previous to the Spanish Conquistadors intrusion into the Southwest, many indigenous peoples sustained themselves on over 85% plant foods with very little animal protein. The Yaqui Nation primarily was vegetarian with only occasional animal protein in the form of shellfish which were easily harvested from the sea. Nations that did sustain themselves on the killing of wildlife only did so after days of prayer and purification. Without a tremendous amount of preparation and respect the killing of an animal relation might bring unknown disaster to a people. The hunting of any animal was never tolerated for sport or for any other reason but absolute necessity for survival. Our relationship with the animal world was a sacred one, and the death of an animal was seen as the death of a being on our own spiritual level.

Much changed when the Spanish arrived. The Spanish were quick to learn of our dependency on planted crops and began to burn farmlands and foodstores as a way to create a greater dependency on their own rule. Nations living outside control of the Spanish Crown were seen as a threat to Spanish colonization, especially because indigenous slaves immediately became necessary to the Spanish for their labor in the mines that produced the gold and silver necessary for the Spanish Kingdom to expand its empire throughout the world. For the first time, many indigenous peoples who resisted this slavery and degradation were forced to hunt animals they rarely did before. For many nations, physical violence was also something they had rarely committed against humans.

MY NATIVE AMERICAN DIET

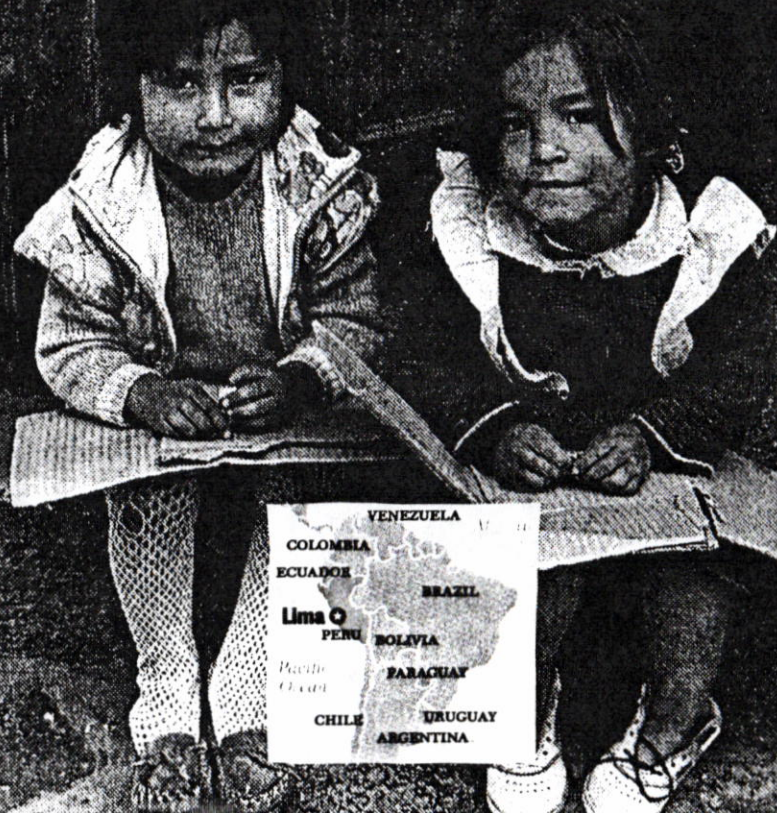
Long before Columbus ever stumbled onto the beaches of North America, millions of indigenous peoples called this continent home. Many of these nations had developed regular trade routes across hundreds and even thousands of miles, and an agrarian society was maintained by many more. The typical stereotype of the indigenous North American is as the hunter, and though this is accurate for some indigenous nations, many cultures were not pushed towards a greater dependency on hunting until the arrival of Europeans who forced the indigenous populations away from sustainable agriculture and into a more nomadic existence.

The first English colonialist to land in what is now "New England" in the 17th Century wasted no time in capitalizing and literally stealing from the indigenous peoples agricultural bounty. The Pilgrim's who landed at Plymouth Rock record how they raided houses and storerooms of corn and other farmed foods and eventually through physical force took over already tilled lands rather than performing the tedious task of clearing their own lands for cultivation. It is no secret that without indigenous peoples assistance in learning how to grow their own food, the first European colonizers would have starved to death.

We can give thanks also to indigenous peoples agrarian culture for such foods as corn, potatoes, many strains of beans and rice and a host of other plant foods that we sustain ourselves on today. In fact, more than half of all modern agriculturally produced crops were derived from plants domesticated by indigenous peoples. The historical denial of advanced agricultural methods practiced by indigenous nations is in keeping with the lies that we were not a highly civilized culture.

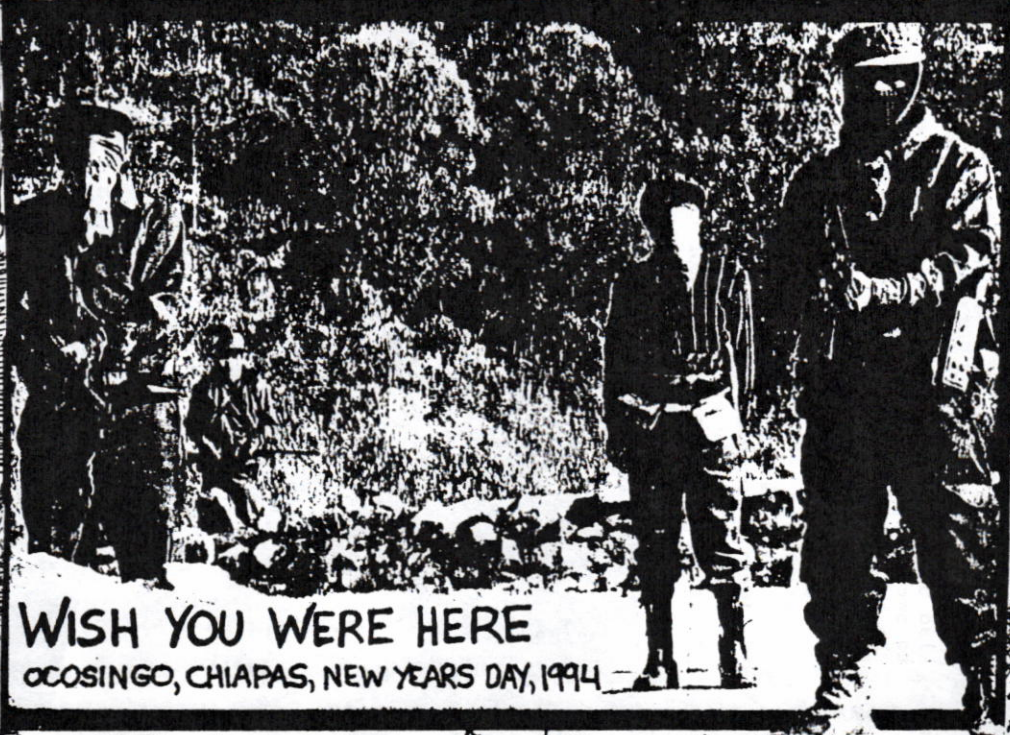
By labeling us as heathens (a term that described the pagans who lived on the heath, that is "wastelands" of western Europe) and savages, the early colonists were able to justify the destruction of our societies without the concern one might give to the invasion and conquering of an already civilized land. Also by denying advanced agricultural practices historians are able to continue the lie that the many millions of people that inhabited North America could not have existed as indigenous people were primarily "hunters and gatherers". That is one of the biggest lies of the last 500 years.

What should also be recognized is how close we are here in the U.S. to declaring a "war on terrorism" which invariably means the suspension of constitutional rights and freedoms the authors of the Declaration of Independence gave us to ensure that we never fall under a brutal regime like the one in Peru. Not only does Fujimori's actions remain sanctioned by the U.S. government, but they might very well be the test for control of domestic rebellion once the American populous wake up to the erosion of true freedom. Like the brave warriors of MRTA we must remember that the true force for change does not lie within the structure of any government, it survives in the hearts of a people dying to be free.





WE ALL LIVE IN



WISH YOU WERE HERE

OCOSINGO, CHIAPAS, NEW YEARS DAY, 1994

GOVERNMENT
BAN
WHERE IS YOUR HEART?
PHELPS DODGE MINING CO.
HECLA MINING CO.
POVERTY-DRUGS
ALCOHOLISM
BROKEN TREATIES
INFANT MORTALITY
POLICE BRUTALITY
STOLEN LANDS
RACISM-DISEASE
DOMESTIC VIOLENCE
PRISONS-FOOD AS
WEAPON-LIES
SLAVE LABORS
TOXIC WASTE

CHIAPAS



In January 1997 the Zapatista Army for National Liberation (EZLN) rejected a counterproposal from the Mexican government that removed protection of indigenous rights and culture that was included in a peace accord signed by both Mexico and the EZLN in 1996. The government proposal would allow U.S. corporations like Louisiana-Pacific, International Paper and Simpson Paper to create huge timber plantations on indigenous and communal lands. Since the rejection of the governments counterproposal the Mexican military has escalated its presence around Zapatista communities and supported the increase in paramilitary groups some of whom have been trained by Mexican and U.S. forces to terrorize indigenous peoples. A Low Intensity War is being waged in Chiapas with disappearances, kidnappings, beatings, rape torture, shootings and firebombings of human rights workers, observers, indigenous peasants and anyone suspected of sympathizing with the EZLN. It is now estimated that five peasants a day are being assassinated. Pentagon papers confirm that Mexico has recieved U.S., Israeli and Guatemalan military support and advisors and acknowledges a U.S. military presence in Chiapas as early as 1995. These "advisors" train counterinsurgency commandos and paramilitary groups and it is believed the U.S. Army is assisting in bringing Argentinian mercenaries into Chiapas. It has even now been confirmed that the U.S. actively interfered with communications amongst the EZLN delegation during peace talks in 1995. Meanwhile, the flow of U.S. military hardware continues over the border. White Guards, Throatcutters, Red Masks and Peace and Justice are just a few of paramilitary groups supported by the ruling political party, large landowners and the Mexican and U.S. military. All of whom have begun a violent offensive against the EZLN and civil society in Chiapas with hopes of destroying the peace process and any political reform or protection of the indigenous peoples of all Mexico. As a death threat to 28 human rights workers in Chiapas said, "Now you will see how your government really works."

SOLIDARIDAD = FUERZA

NAFTA = MUERTE

